



LE MONDE D'HERMÈS Automne-Hiver 2004

HERMÈS



JEAN-LOUIS DUMAS-HERMÈS
CHAIRMAN AND CEO

Jean-Louis Dumas

"Do you have fun...?"

"Do you have fun at Hermès?" This sudden question came from a grandson of mine, aged seven, whom I had taken into my office on the Faubourg. Caught unprepared, I gave him a hollow, grown-up's answer: "When I'm here I'm supposed to be working."

I should have explained to him that things aren't as simple as that, that in a house like this one, on every floor and in every kind of activity, banishing boredom is the first thing we all hope to do.

I should have told him that, for us, doing a good job has to mean always inventing, shunning routine, being creative. The pleasure of innovating.

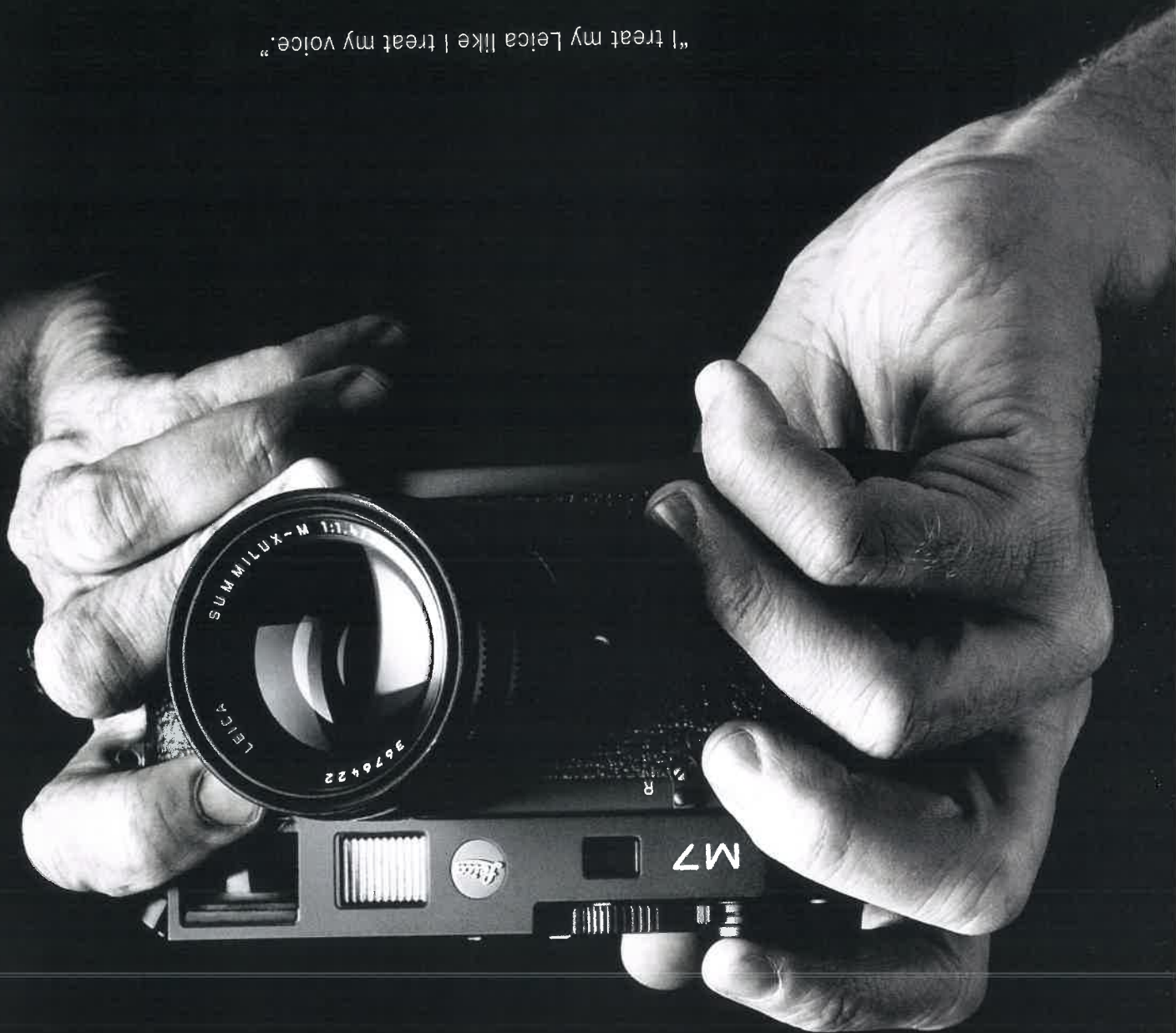
I should have said that, in the end, the efforts we all make, real as they are, lead to a deep joy, that comes from the feeling of honouring our profession.

I should have spoken seriously and said all those things, but I didn't. In the name of the truth that children – and readers of *Le Monde d'Hermès* – have a right to hear, I want to make up for that omission now. Yes, at Hermès, I have always tried to have fun.

"I treat my Leica like I treat my voice."

Hands: Bryan Adams

Tool: LEICA M7



LE MONDE D'HERMÈS

Autumn - Winter 2004

Cover: a fistful of confetti – contained fireworks, a coming explosion. It was with this photo on the theme of “Ideas, colours and fantasy” that the photographer Kali Vernes won the fifth La Montre Hermès Photography Prize earlier in 2004. The competition is organised in partnership with the School of Applied Arts in Vevey, Switzerland.



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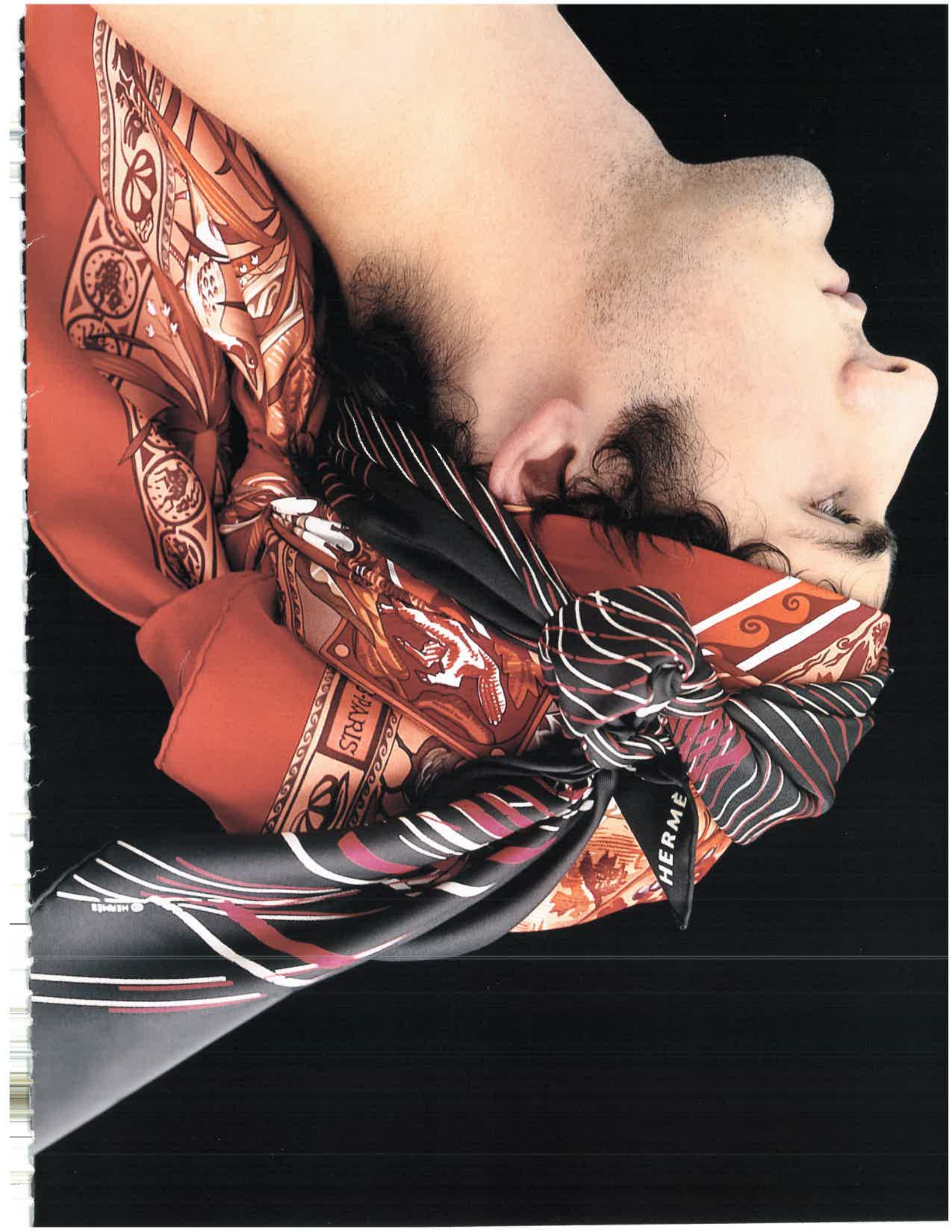
CONCEPT NELSON SEPULVEDA.
PHOTOS ANA BLOOM.

Fantasia in Silk



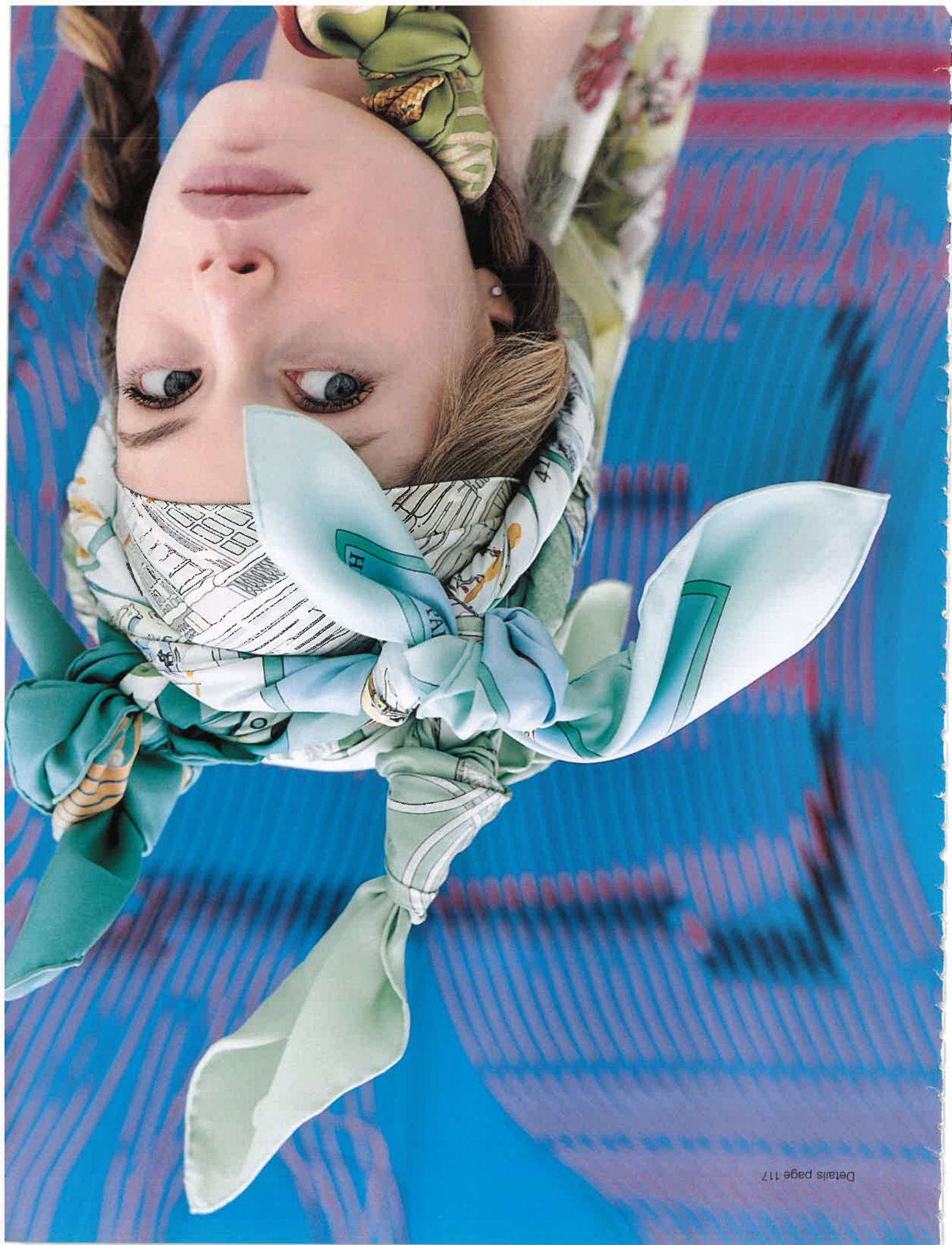








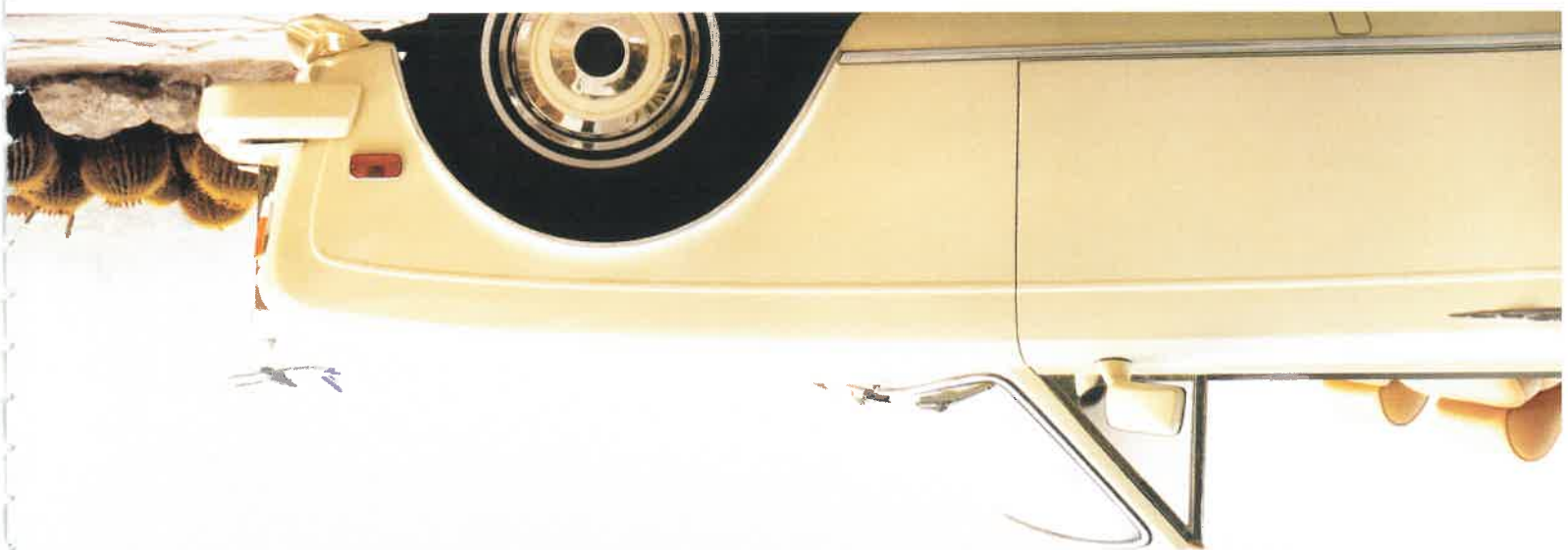




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FOR AN ART LOVER LIKE ÉMILE HERMÈS, A LIBRARY WAS A PLACE
WHERE EDIFICATION COULD BE HAPPILY MIXED WITH AMUSEMENT.
THESE DROLL STORIES ABOUT "THE EMPIRE OF VEGETABLES,"
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY VARIN, OPEN UP A SURPRISING NEW WORLD.

Vegetable Whimsy

TEXT: MENEHOULD DU CHATELLE

During the Romantic age, many an adventurous spirit in literature, illustration and publishing found ingenious ways of spicing up knowledge by seasoning it with a touch of fantasy. Their volumes "for young readers" were bound in hard covers whose shimmering colours were embroidered with all kinds of magical and comical inventions. Imagination was given free rein and behind the metamorphoses spawned by these ebullient pens we get a glimpse of the veridancy and verve that ran parallel to the march of a

positivist, industrial century.

Readers will grin as they leaf through this rare tome, "The Empire of Vegetables," kept among other volumes and artworks in the office that houses the Émile Hermès Collection. Published in 1851 by Eugène Nus with Antony Mèray, it confirms that, if a smile is the first step towards wisdom, then humour is a garden worth cultivating.

Following in the footsteps of literary *flâneurs* like Rousseau and Nerval, who preferred the book of life to the book-lined study and took their pen outdoors, "smoke at their lips, ideas teeming in their brain,"* our narrator went exploring the nether-reaches of the Parisian boulevards, where once market gardens formed a green belt round the capital. Here our Parisian pedestrian encountered the surprising figure of Emperor Cucurbitus I, whose gourdship coolly

"Baptism of two coss lettuces.
Too sharp for some, too
soft for others." Tinted steel
engraving, drawn and
engraved by Amédée Varin,
from *L'Empire des légumes*.
Mémoires de Cucurbitus I,
recueillis et mis en ordre
par Eugène Nus et Antony
Mèray, Paris: G. de Gonet
éditeur, Martinon libraire
[1851], large octavo.
Collection Émile Hermès.



"IT IS TIME TO PUT OUR FEET DOWN!" AS TREMORS OF A GREEN
 REVOLUTION RATTLE THE CALM OF THE BOURGEOIS DINING ROOM,
 THE SLY ARTICHOKE FINDS A KEEN ACCOMPLICE FOR ITS
 INSURRECTIONARY URGINGS IN A VISIBLY SHAKEN ASPARAGUS SPEAR.

asserted his rule over the land of vegetable folk! In fact, this toytown
 potentate with a squash for a body may barely have given pause to
 our gentleman traveller, Nus, used as this fervent Republican had
 become to the sight of the former king – Louis-Philippe, freshly
 plucked from the throne in 1848 – disappearing into the round and
 swelling pear of Daumier's caricature.

Continuing his investigations of these potage people, our reporter
 recorded the models and mores of *herbipédal* society. In his fantastical
 and often caustic portraits of vegetable folk it is easy to spot the
 souped-up vices of the Human Comedy. How Balzacian, these young
 salad leaves, "tender yet crisp to the teeth"! Driven from their native
 soil by poverty, soon deformed by vanity and greed into extravagant
 and foppish jades, they offer their charming little faces for the amuse-
 ment of gentlemen cantaloupes. And since Eugène Nus was a successful
 writer of vaudevilles, he could hardly fail to note the conjugal lapses
 of the vegetable nation. Take these lady pumpkins, the unfaithful
 wives of butternuts whose palms have been generously greased in the
 world of finance: see them respond to the venal flattery of these can-
 taloupes, scions of the penniless old aristocracy. As for the asparagus,
 their devoted, ascetic air hides a track record of malfeasance, in
 which they are unctuously assisted by artichokes draped in sacerdotal
 vestments like Gothic pinnacles. Leeks, cabbages, carrots, flagolets,
 peas, salsifies and other *leguminosae* are all put through the mill of
 Nus's mockery, their pretensions peeled away by an eye that sees

"An insurrection. For too
 long now, we have suffered
 the same sauces, it is
 time to put our feet down!"
 Print by Amédée Varin for
L'Empire des légumes,
 Paris [1851]. Coll. É. Hermès.

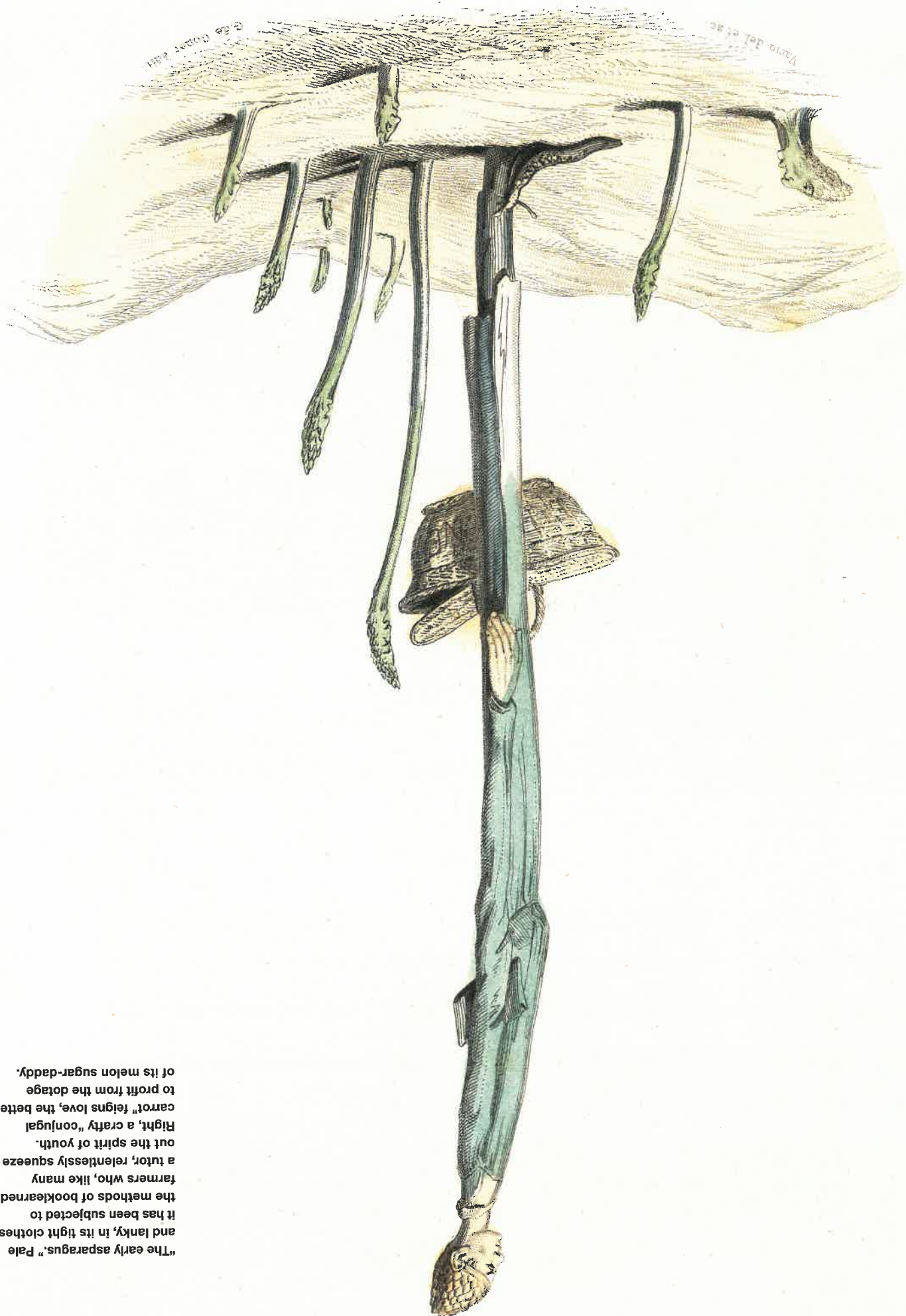
de Gonet edit

Yard del et so.



ALMAHALL
AND MONDE 5851

"The early asparagus." Pale and lanky, in its tight clothes, it has been subjected to the methods of booklearned farmers who, like many a tutor, relentlessly squeeze out the spirit of youth. Right, a crafty "conjugal carrot," feigns love, the better to profit from the dotage of its melon sugar-daddy.





THE SAD FATE OF A YOUNG LAD BY THE NAME OF POIREAU-VENETTE: THE NAIVE
LEEK WAS WELCOMED WITH OPEN PINCERS BY A FAMILY OF MAYBUGS,
ONLY TO BE EATEN BY THESE SYCOPHANTS. THEY LEFT JUST
A LOCK OF HAIR, WHICH WAS FAITHFULLY RETURNED TO HIS PARENTS.

through to the heart beneath faces and accoutrements. And, the bet-
ter to get across his social satire, Nus handled his extravagant
ecological visions with the prudence of a Diderot, who put his ideas
in the mouth of a dreamer and observed that, "Often, one must dress
wisdom as folly, to ensure that it will be given admission."

Working hand in glove with the writer's alert pen, Varin's pencil
produces subtle renditions of these human types in vegetal mode.
The illustrator and printmaker brings back those droil phytomorphic
creatures that came to life in the imagination of Grandville, in the
osmotic and phantasmagorical reconciliation of man and his veg-
etable brothers. Leafing through these pages, we readers are taken
through the doors of the Land of Dreams. The spell takes effect and
we enjoy a second life, one where the metamorphoses natural to child-
hood return to delight our maturity. How easy it seems to slip on the
skins of these vegetable characters! Abdicating their purported su-
premacacy in Creation, changed into grass, humans can, for the span of
a dream, enjoy the delights of a golden age when man and plants,
both nourished by the young alluvium laid down by Mother Nature,
formed a harmonious clan.

The sensibility of so-called vegetative life is attested by many a
vegetal chimera, such as Daphne with her laurel arms, or the flower-
girls of *Pasifal*, and even the speaking oak and reed in good old La
Fontaine. In his verses, the French master sang of the power of fables
and the airy grace of fantasy: "The world is old, they say; and so
I believe, and yet/It still needs amusing like a child."
M. C.

"Eaten alive by his sycophants," Engraving by
Aimée Varin for *L'Empire
des légumes*, Paris [1851].
Collection Émile Hermès.





WITHOUT COMPROMISE

LOUIS ROEDERER
CHAMPAGNE

DOUBT, EMBRACING EACH DAY WITH PATIENCE

DO, ALWAYS SEARCHING, NO STRANGER TO

THE EXCEPTIONAL BECAUSE NOTHING LESS WILL

CULMINATION OF ALL ENDEAVOUR, SEEKING OUT

OF PERFECT HARMONY WHICH MARKS THE

SUSTAINING EACH EFFORT UNTIL THAT MOMENT

Better than Perfect

BY JEAN RENNOIR

IN THIS SHORT PASSAGE, JEAN RENNOIR, THE FILMMAKER AND SON OF THE PAINTER AUGUSTE RENNOIR, EXPRESSES HIS MISGIVINGS ABOUT THE "HOLLYWOOD MACHINE" AND MAKES A VERY PERSONAL CASE IN FAVOUR OF A CERTAIN KIND OF IMPERFECTION THAT SAFEGUARDS CREATIVE FANTASY AND ARTISTIC VALUE. HE DESCRIBES THE ETERNAL CONFLICT BETWEEN INDUSTRIAL METHODS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP.

The great problem, for me, has always been the same, and will always be the same: my difficulties in Hollywood arise from the fact that the craft I am trying to practise has nothing to do with the film industry. I have never been able to see cinema as an industrial activity. Hollywood's detractors hold that where industry goes wrong is in wanting to make money at any cost; that if you cater to the tastes of the crowd, you lapse into mediocrity. There is some truth in this, but the lure of gain is not the worst enemy.

The real danger, as I see it, lies in a blind love of so-called perfection. In order to attain this perfection, you stack up the talents. Thus such and such a film is adapted from a literary masterpiece; the script is written and revised by half a dozen top

screenwriters; the director, too, is a celebrity. The actors are all hand with aces, the studio is sure it won't fail. There's no way all those brilliant people could come up with a turkey. Except that they often do. The excuse for these failures is that sometimes, with the help of effective advertising, these turkeys make money. And sometimes, by pure good luck, or because of the magnetism of the actors or the topicality of the subject, a few of these productions can even be genuinely good.

In Hollywood, a big film is served up like a melon, in separate slices. This is the antithesis of my belief in unity. It's all about dividing up the work and piling on the big names. The category of "star" extends well beyond actors: there are star writers, star cameramen, star designers. Each of these stars works without any real connection to the others. Isolated in their fortresses, these stars have to defend themselves against the intrusion of their common enemy, the producer. And in order to achieve that they play the prima donna [...].

The mania for perfection exists in every field. Industry turns out perfect cars, perfect shoes, perfect ready meals, perfect houses. And the result is perfect monotony. Our surroundings

are in general so lacking in variety that it makes one want to scream with boredom. Architects and decorators plead not guilty here. The things with which they gratify us are, as they see it, varied. In an American street, it would seem, we have everything we need to satisfy our taste for fantasy. Your house is in the French provincial style. Your neighbour's house is in the Mexican style, and over the road is New England. Not many people realise that monotony comes from the sameness of the details rather than from the general conception. The windowpanes are all the same because they all come from the same machine. The door handles are the same, the floor is made with identical pieces of wood. The nails and screws holding the building together are all the same size: each one is perfect.

Progress has deprived us of the sometimes clumsy mark of the craftsman who would have made that door. In the old days, whenever I came in, it was like a little conversation between the workman and myself. I get no joy from conversing with the mechanical saw that made this door. Machine work dulls a man, working by hand ennobles him. A craftsman's products make life richer. Every handmade object is like a message from its maker. It contains life. What difference

does it make if a mass-produced plate was designed by a master when the monotony of its repetition induces gloom? The variety and imperfections of primitive utensils put a song in the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that the wave of boredom that is flooding the modern world is due to the perfect decor in which we go about our business. The saving grace of cinema is that with a bit of patience, and even love, if you scrape away the conventional make-up, take a few liberties with orthodox lighting, you can get through to that deliciously complicated creature known as Man. I dream of a craftsman's cinema in which authors can express themselves as directly as a writer does in his books or a painter in his pictures. Now and then, this dream comes true. Some authors of films leave a real imprint on their works.

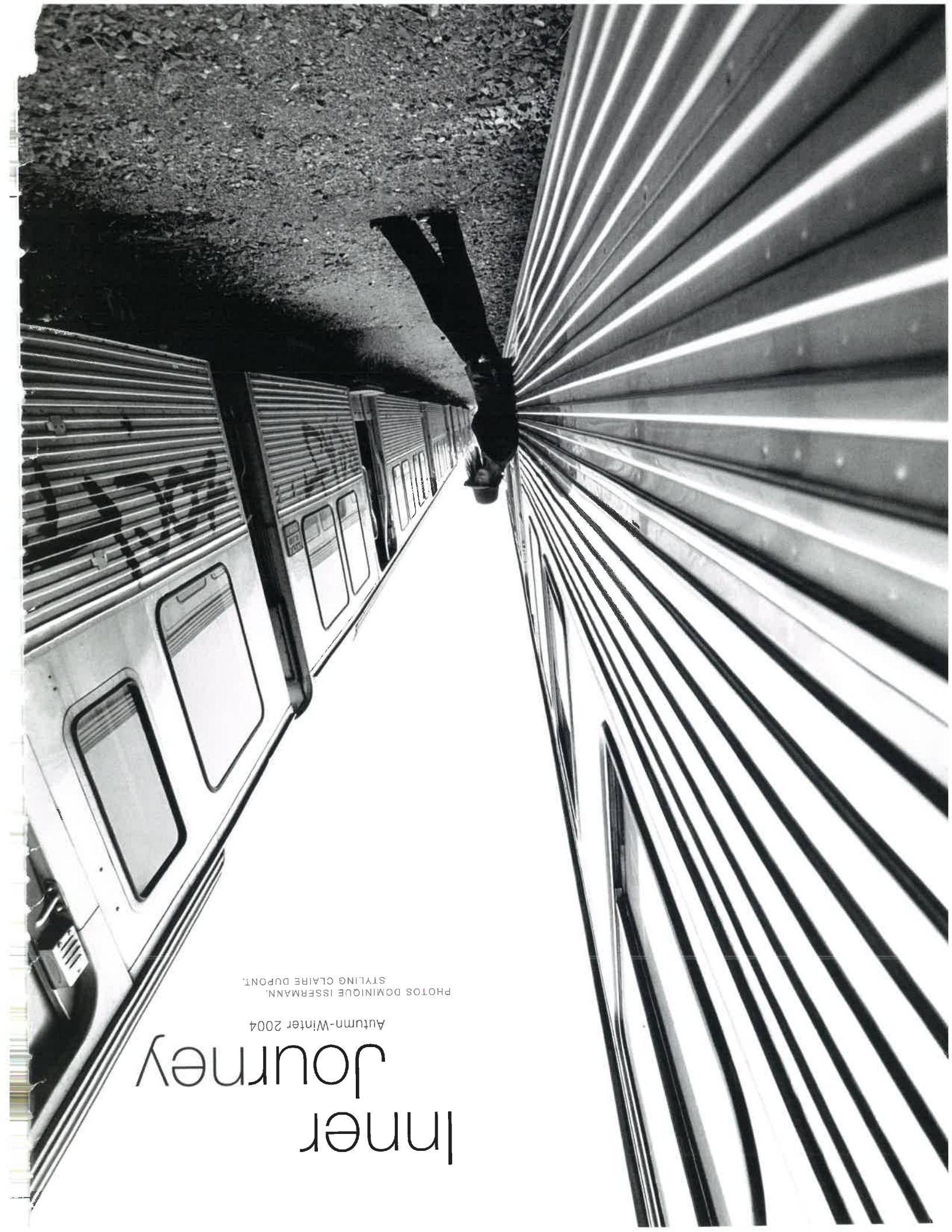
For me, the master of masters, the author of authors, is still Charlie Chaplin. In his films he did everything – the script, the directing, the production, the acting and even the music. This is a long way from that sliced melon. Not only are his films perfect examples of unity, but so is his whole body of work. Indeed, we could say that Chaplin only ever made one film, and that each facet of this unique film is but a different enactment of the same profession of faith. It is with him – and I say this with all due modesty – that I feel the greatest affinity.

J.R.

Inner Journey

Autumn-Winter 2004

PHOTOS DOMINIQUE ISSERMANN,
STYLING CLAIRE DUPONT.





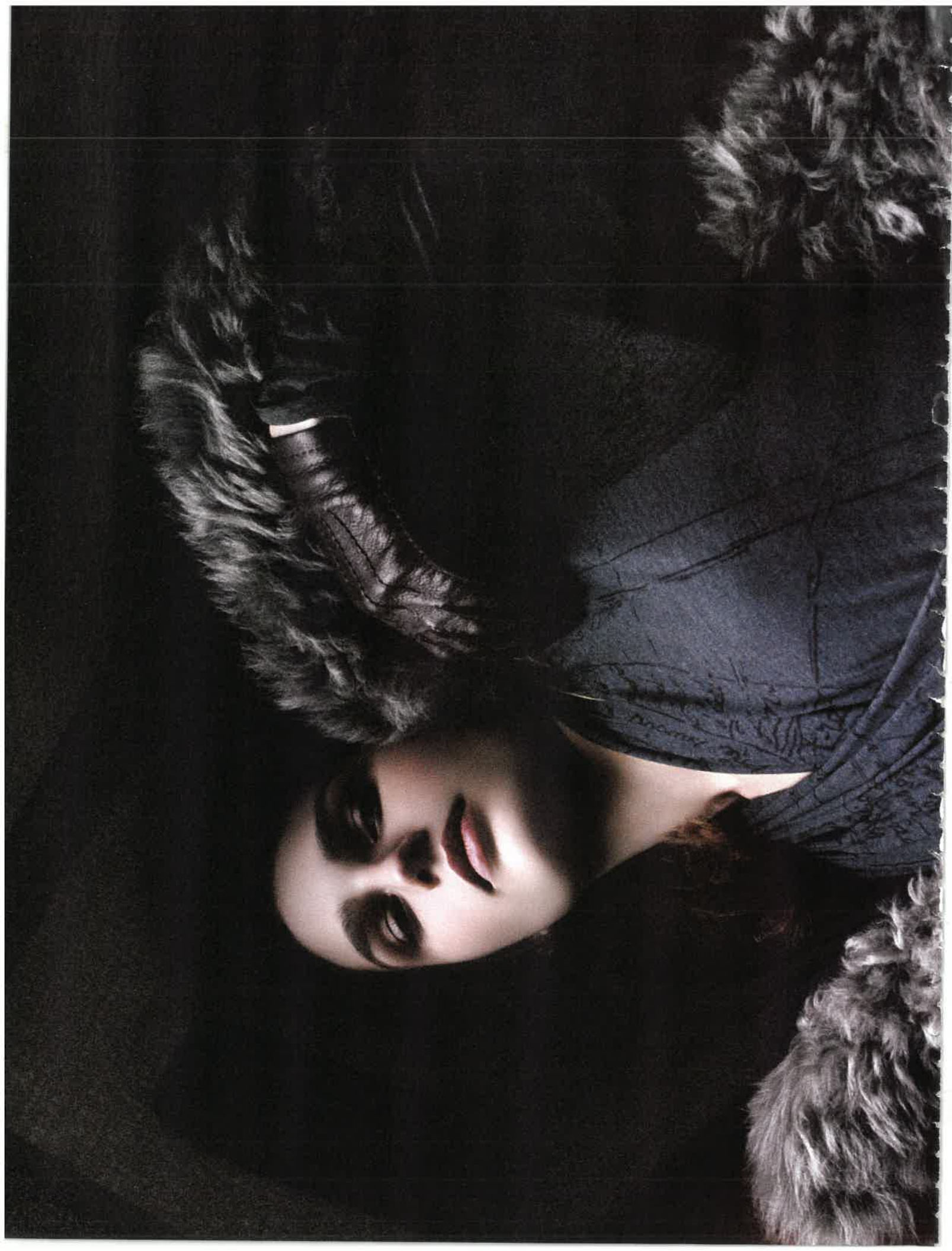


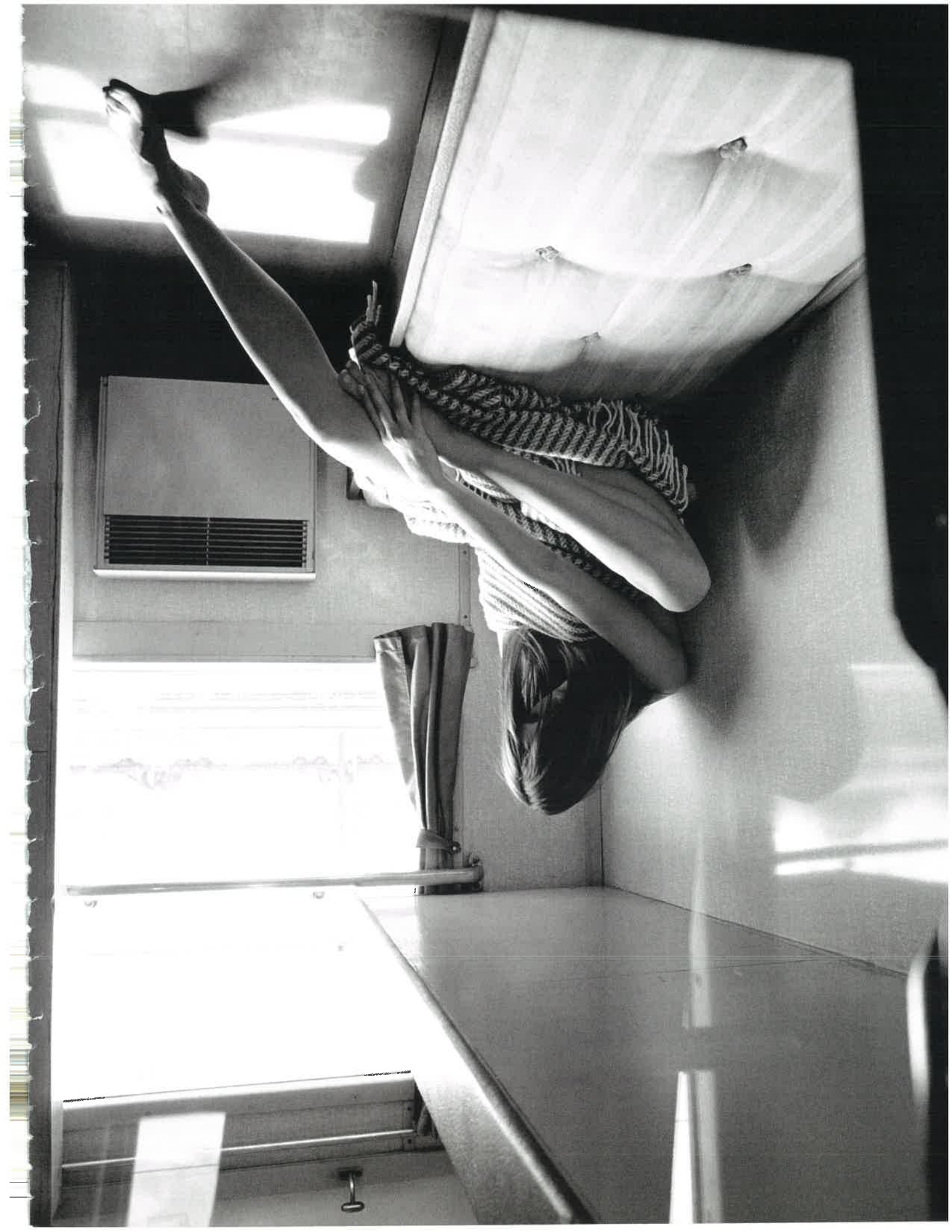






























HERMESSENCE

BY JEAN-CLAUDE ELLENA

In my profession, I know that an attraction to smells and perfumes is a prerequisite for the pleasure of smelling and composing fragrances. This attraction means that in the smell of roses I can discern rhubarb; in vetiver, hazelnut; in amber, honey; in pepper, velvet – fragments of odours which, once remembered, will stimulate olfactory associations and help me in my composition. Smells are like words, like colours: building materials. Materials I build myself. It is in this spirit that I have created the Hermessence Collection, four odes in perfume, to offer the wearer new avenues of emotion.

A contrast of rose petals and crisp rhubarb

ROSE IKEBANA



A CREATOR OF PERFUMES, A LOVER OF FRAGRANCES THAT CARRY EMOTION, JEAN-CLAUDE ELLENA HAS ALWAYS SOUGHT TO SCULPT HIS OLFACTORY MATERIALS INTO PURE FORMS. AFTER CREATING *JARDIN EN MÉDITERRANÉE* IN 2003, HE RETURNS AS HERMÈS' "IN-HOUSE" PERFUME DESIGNER, PUTTING HIS NAME TO THE HERMESSENCE COLLECTION: FOUR POEMS IN SCENT, EACH ONE AFFIRMING THE SINGULARITY THAT MAKES HIM A UNIQUE ARTIST.

POIVRE SAMARCANDE
Burning pepper softened by mellow wood



Hermessence Collection. Senses, essences, essential.
Everything is expressed, both the essence of Hermès and the very
soul of perfume. A unique collection. Exclusive and singular.



VÉTIVER TONKA

The power of vetiver made velvety smooth with mouth-watering hazelnut



AMBRE NARGUILÉ

The honey of amber and the warmth of mild tobacco

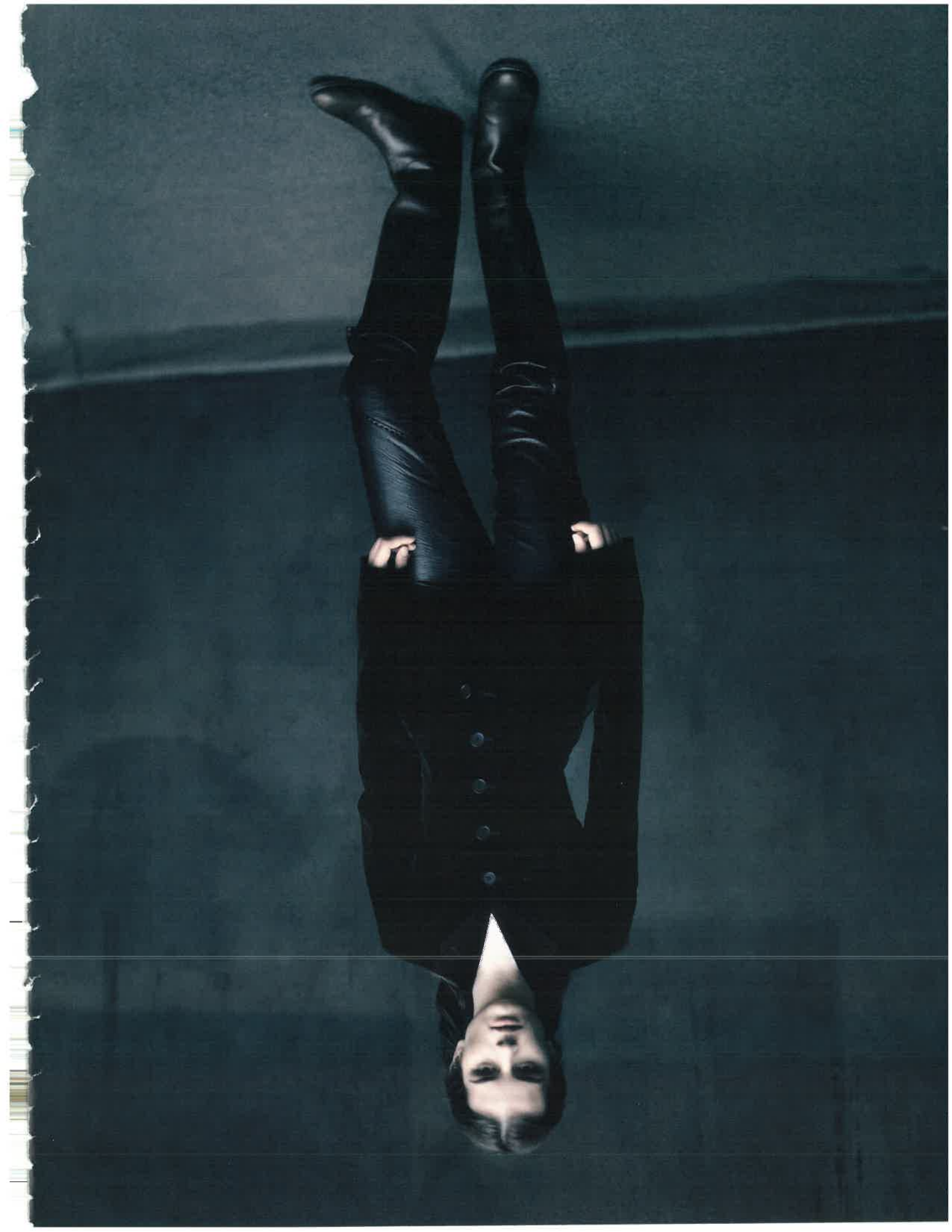




Présence

PHOTOS PAOLO ROVERSI | STYLISME CLAIRE DUPONT















Smashing

PHOTOS MICHAEL BAUMGARTEN, STYLING JESSICA HAYNS

THERE'S A TIME FOR EVERYTHING. A TIME FOR DISCREET BEAUTY.

A TIME FOR HAPPINESS THAT WANTS TO LIVE OUT LOUD

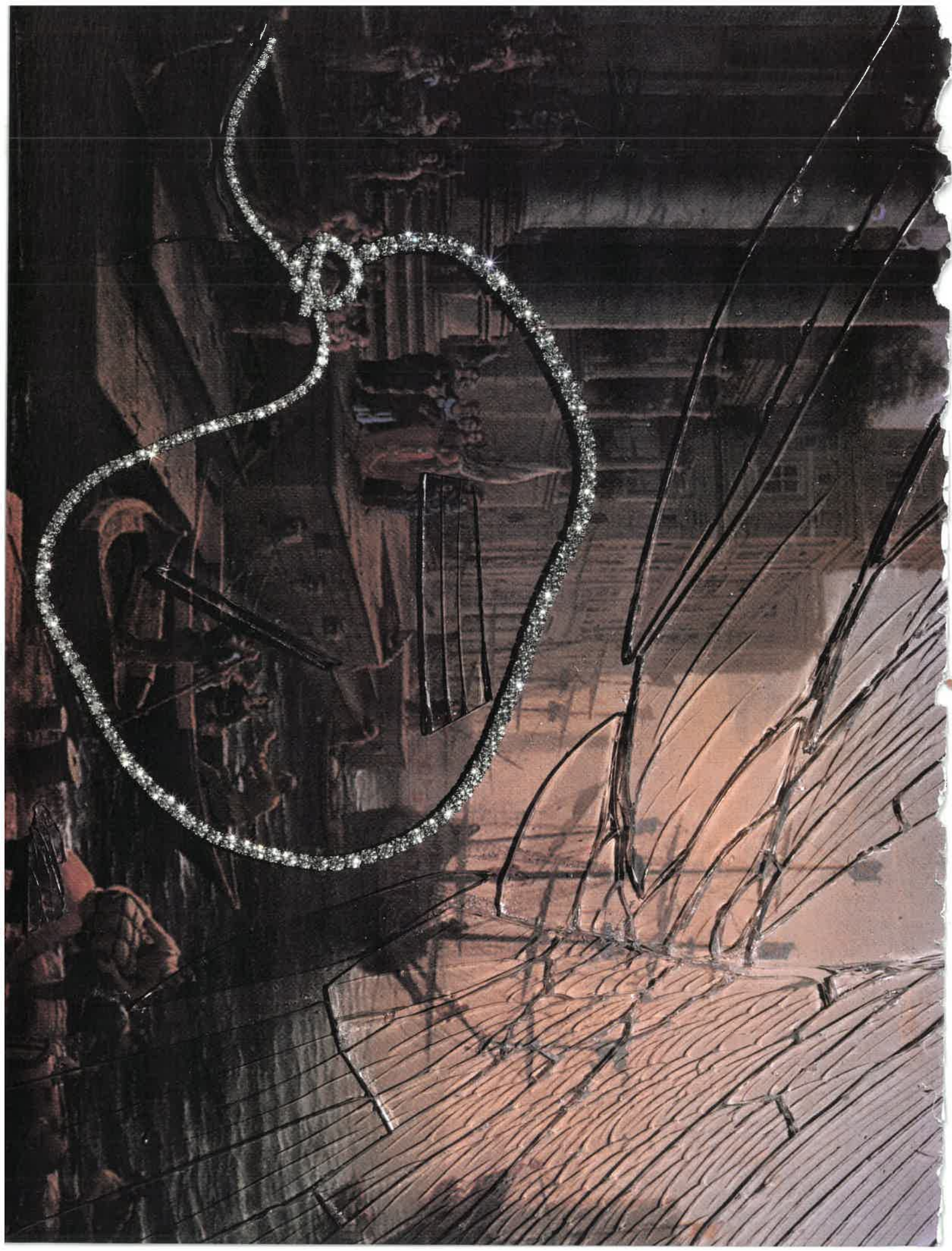
IN THE GLITTER OF GOLD AND THE SPARKLE OF DIAMONDS.













ON 4 JANUARY 1894, JULES HURET, A PARISIAN JOURNALIST DOING A REPORT ON FRENCH HUMOUR FOR *LE FIGARO*, PUBLISHED AN INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE CABARET LE CHAT NOIR, THE ARTISTE AND *FANTAISISTE* GEORGE AURIOL. "THIS," THE ENTERTAINER SAID, "IS THE FUNNIEST STORY I KNOW." TODAY, *LE MONDE D'HERMÈS* IS DELIGHTED TO SAMPLE ITS VINTAGE HILARITY.

"Then this lady cannot live below the entresol... I shall therefore go up and look on the third. Au revoir, Mademoiselle..."

When I rang at the third-floor door it was opened at once by a charming young blonde.

"Is Madame there?" I asked her.

"Yes, Monsieur... please do come in... I shall inform Madame."

"Don't do anything just yet," I said, stopping her. "It is so hot that I feel I need to rest a little... Would you mind if I stayed in the anteroom for a moment?"

"If you wish, Monsieur..."

After a moment's silence, I continued.

"Are you happy here, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, yes, very, Monsieur! Madame is very kind."

"How much do you earn?"

"Forty francs."

"And do you always dress in pink, like today?"

"No!" she laughed. "Sometimes I wear blue, and sometimes white."

"Have you been in Paris a long time?"

"Nearly four years."

"And when someone kisses you, do you scream?"

"Oh! no."

"Well then," said I, "I shall kiss you at once, for you are frightfully good."

After which, I asked her to go and inform her mistress of the situation.

She came back a moment later and said:

"Madame is in her bath."

And as I made a gesture of regret, she added:

"But that doesn't matter. Monsieur may go in."

And yes, Madame was indeed in her bath. But, thank the good Lord, I am much too gallant a fellow to publish here the official and complete list of her bewitching charms!

The following morning, I was putting the finishing shine to my hat when I remembered that I had brought with me a letter to deliver. The handsome lady was still in bed. I took the missive from my wallet and presented it to her.

She scanned the address.

"*Madame Dusautoir*," she read. "But that is upstairs."

"Ah," I stammered, "then I must have got the wrong floor! Excuse me, I am dreadfully sorry for all the trouble I have given you!"

"Come, come, my dear chap, you cannot be serious," she replied, holding out her hand.

Only then was I sure that I had been dealing with a genuine society lady.



Snaking Charmers

CONCEPT AND PHOTOS BARBARA DONNINELLI. DECOR JANINE TROTT.











CONCEIVED AND PRODUCED BY HERMÈS IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE MUSÉE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS IN PARIS, THE EXHIBITION *LE CAS DU SAC* (6 OCTOBER 2004 TO 20 FEBRUARY 2005) PRESENTS A PANORAMA OF BAGS FROM EVERY ORIGIN AND PERIOD. DISPLAYED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR FUNCTION, FROM THE MOST EVERYDAY TO THE MOST FRIVOLOUS, FROM THE PROFESSIONAL TO THE RELIGIOUS, THEY PROVE THAT A BAG AND ITS CONTENTS ADD UP TO FORM A HIGHLY REVEALING PORTRAIT OF THEIR OWNER.

Bag, Open Up!

BY FERNEY BROCHANT

Bag, open up! On seeing these beaded Peul bags dedicated to the rites of masculine beauty, to colours that seem to have risen from the very depths of the Ocean, or these delicate medieval wedding purses adorned with courtly scenes, or again, these so-called Papuan “witches’ bilum” laden with bones, or perhaps these frivolous reticules from the end of the eighteenth century, these small bags with long strings that mark the emergence of the bag as fashion accessory, it really does seem that the words from the *Thousand and One Nights* have never been more appropriate. With some four hundred pieces brought together by general curator Olivier Saillard, we are taken on a journey through the centuries and across cultures by this exhibition-sesame devoted to the most universal and most ancient object invented by man for carrying other objects: the bag.

The bag is so much a part of everyday life that we tend to forget its singular and precious existence. Singular and precious, because what it contains is what is most vital to us. Farmers in traditional societies use it to carry the seeds that safeguard the future. And then the bag is also money – purse strings, a sign of good fortune. For the African *griot*, the bag is full of words, the power of speech. For the Amerindian shaman, the bag is what holds the founding myths of his tribe; it is the instrument of communication with the beyond. The craftsman, the skilled artisan, trusts it to keep the tools of his



Above: wicker basket, 1830-1848. Musée de la Mode et du Textile, coll. UFAC.

Page right: “bilum”, bag for personal possessions and kit for betel-nut eating. Bark drawstring and feathers, 1950, Papua New Guinea. Museum der Kulturen, Basel, Switzerland.



Autumn - Winter 2004

The Measured Male

PHOTOS KOTO BOLOFO. STYLING NIKKI BREWSTER.

FOR MEN, TASTE IS MEASURED IN MILLIMETRES. IT'S ABOUT THIS SHADE
OF THAT COLOUR. THIS PARTICULAR FEEL. IT'S A MATTER OF PRECISION.



























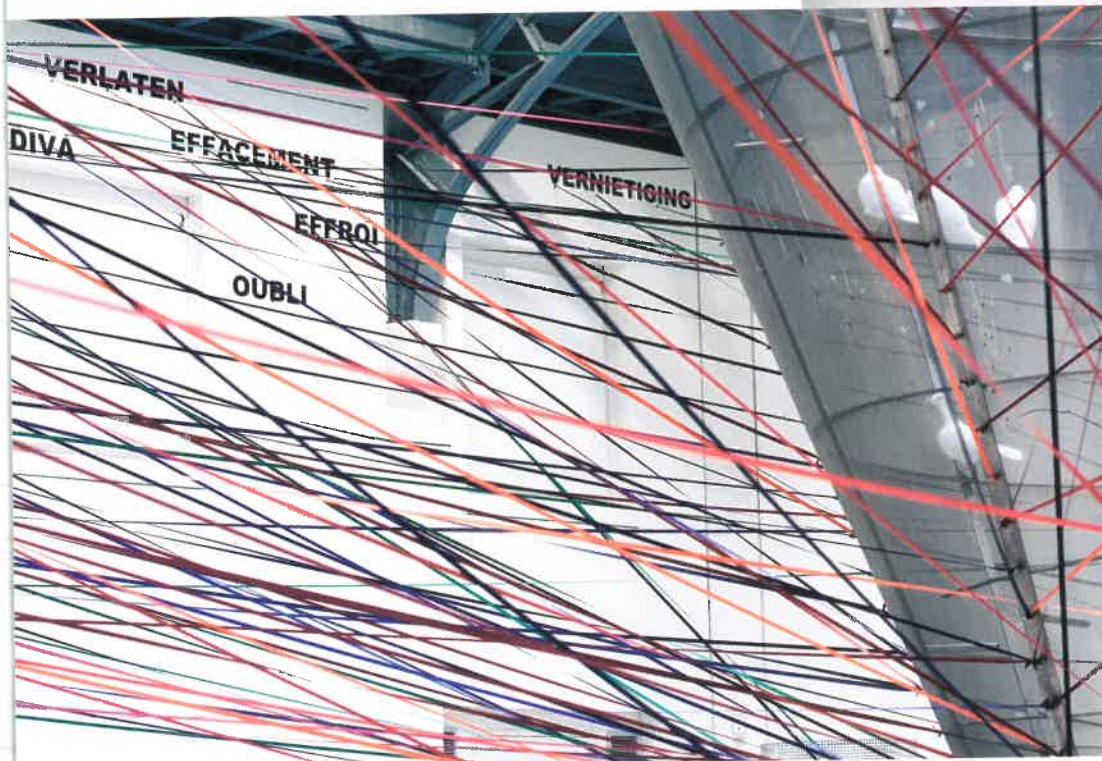
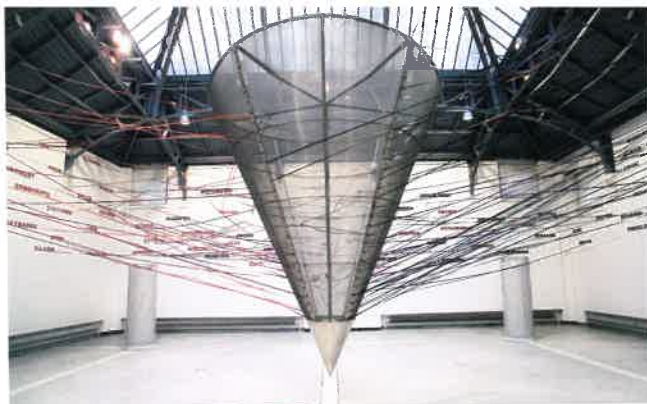












**BRUSSELS,
ANNE AND PATRICK POIRIER**

Early this year, Anne and Patrick Poirier presented their "Soul of the Sleeping Traveller" at La Verrière, the Hermès gallery in Brussels. A moving and troubling installation in memory of their son, it consisted of a web of threads linking up the words inscribed on the walls, plus a big conical aviary inhabited by doves. This unique moment in their work melded poetry with the homage to a loved one.

**APREMONT: THE POLO
CHAMPIONSHIP**

Power, elegance, energy – polo fascinates spectators with its singular mixture of ardour and refinement. From 9 to 19 September, the Polo Club de Chantilly at Apremont, just outside Paris, was chosen to play host to the World Polo Championship, with the participation of Hermès. Played for over 2,500 years, the world's oldest team game offers a fine opportunity to admire the harmony of rider and mount.



RENCONTRES



LONDON, **CHEVAL SURPRISE**

After Moscow in 2003, it was the turn of art students at London's Saint Martins College of Art and Design to benefit from the teaching of the French designer Matali Crasset, thanks to the participation of Hermès. The six months they spent together thinking about the image of the horse in today's world bore fruit in the exhibition *Cheval surprise- Equine Reflections*, at the Hanbury Gallery last May.



PRAGUE, **BE A STAR IN SILK**

In partnership with the Czech magazine *Marianne*, here was a day for making the dream of being a supermodel – in silk – come true: make-up, hair, pose, flashes – a fully-fledged fashion photo session under the eye of photographer Anna Kovacicova at the Hermès store in Prague.

RENCONTRES



PARIS, THE ÉCOLE MILITAIRE RIDING SCHOOL

To present its first collection of women's clothing designed by Jean-Paul Gaultier and inspired by the brand's equestrian origins, Hermès chose the unique setting provided by the École Militaire riding school in Paris, a "grand style" ensemble designed by Jacques Ange Gabriel (the architect who gave us the Place de la Concorde) at the end of the eighteenth century. On 6 March, the school was converted into a unique catwalk, lit by crystal chandeliers from Saint-Louis.



PHOTOS GÉRARD UFÉRAS, © PATRICK McMULLAN/RICHARD ORJIS, DANIEL TIVOLI.



**NEW YORK,
UTOPIA BY RENÉ BURRI**

On the occasion of the *Magnum in May* event in New York, the gallery at Hermès' Madison store presented *Utopia*, an exhibition of architectural photographs by René Burri taken between 1950 and 1980. Conceived with the collaboration of Michael Koetzle, editor in chief of *Leica World*, the show focused on this photographer's very original way of looking at Barragán, Le Corbusier, Meier and many others. Here to pay tribute at the private view: Bruce Davidson, Ralph Gibson and William Klein.



**HONG KONG, DIX VERSIONS
BY THE COMPAGNIE KAFIG**

As part of Hong Kong's *French May* festival, Hermès presented *Dix Versions*, a hip-hop dance show by the Compagnie Kafig. Capturing all the energy of this youthful form, Kafig combines bodily movements and video projections in a total spectacle, full of colour and fantasy.



BORDEAUX, "A HUNDRED YEARS OF WRITING ACCESSORIES"

Desk ornaments, children's pencil cases and boxes, travel desks, letters and manuscripts – a magically evocative display of fine writing instruments and documents was assembled and presented by Éric Le Collen at the Hermès store in Bordeaux.



PHOTOS RODOLPHE CELLIER, FRÉDÉRIC CHEHU, JEAN-LUCE HURÉ.

CHANTILLY, POLISH LEGENDS

This year's Prix de Diane celebrated Poland as the equestrian scenes orchestrated with cinematic brio by Karolina Wajda charmed spectators at the Chantilly racecourse. A wedding in Krakow, a charge by hussars and a hunting trip all gave a vivid impression of Poland's festive traditions. Wajda, who breeds horses near Warsaw, is a woman who knows a thing or two about the movies. A hand of steel in a velvet glove, here she directed men and women riders and teams of Hucule horses to the rhythms of a wind band from Warsaw.



RENCONTRES



TOKYO, RIPPLING SILK BY TOKUJIN YOSHIOKA

The *Forum* exhibition space at the Maison Hermès in Ginza played host to *Air du Temps 90 x 90*, an exhibition of silk scarves conceived by designer Tokuji Yoshioka, a former assistant of Shiro Kuramata and Issey Miyake whose work has garnered numerous international prizes. Combining video screens and a patchwork of scarves gently rippled by a light breeze, the vibrations of his design echoed that of the glass bricks (45 x 45 cm) forming the walls of this building designed by Renzo Piano. This intriguing "enlivening" of inanimate objects continued in the window displays.



Marc Riboud, photographer

When looking...

I look, I photograph, and I have fun, too. For me, the pleasure of the eye is the greatest of all, even if it comes with its share of trial and error and doubt. Seeing is not so easy. It takes training, and one even needs a kind of courage that cannot always be mustered. But there are moments of grace when the eye is at the top of its bent and has the real power of *seeing*.

I take photographs the way a musician hums. To contemplate a landscape is like listening to music or reading poetry. It helps you live. Streets the world over and the countryside of Touraine that I love are my favourite places. And there, a good hundredth of a second gives me lasting happiness.

I never tire of watching out for surprises, grace notes, emotions. I would love to go back to India and see the peacocks of Jaipur, but I also like to photograph the weeds in my garden in Touraine. Visual surprises, the fleeting joys of the moment, beauty as well as comedy and strangeness – these things are everywhere. One must catch them before they escape, as they will, in the blink of an eye, from even the most vigilant watcher. The magic of a smile and a gust of wind in a sail last only the time of a sigh and will never come again. “The eye and the heart desire the mist,” said my friend Claude Roy, and when it wraps itself round a landscape, be it in Darjeeling or at Pontlevoy, it makes it elegant and subtle like the prettiest dress.

We should disobey those warnings given on the railways in our childhood that advised against leaning out to look. On the contrary, we need to get out, to walk about, to look at the life around us. I love independence and I love the open air, and even more than travel, I love freedom. Who has not felt that moment of euphoria when the passion of looking, of discovering, of framing, exerts such pressure that it lifts us out of ourselves, our face lashed by the wind, our eyes submerged by the flood of images?

Marc Riboud was born in Lyon. He started taking photographs at 14, using his father's Vest Pocket camera. As a young engineer and amateur photographer, he met Henri Cartier-Bresson and Robert Capa, who invited him to join Magnum. In the Orient, which he loves, and in the West, where he lives, at the heart of China's great cities and in the villages of Touraine, he seeks out the beauty of faces, the harmony of landscapes. Images of a changing world and images of everyday reality. His lifetime photographic journey has been logged by many books and exhibitions, including *Cinquante ans de photographie* (Maison Européenne de la Photographie, Paris, to October 2004). He also contributed to *Les Montagnes célestes* at the Grand Palais, Paris, in spring 2004.

Shanghai, 2002

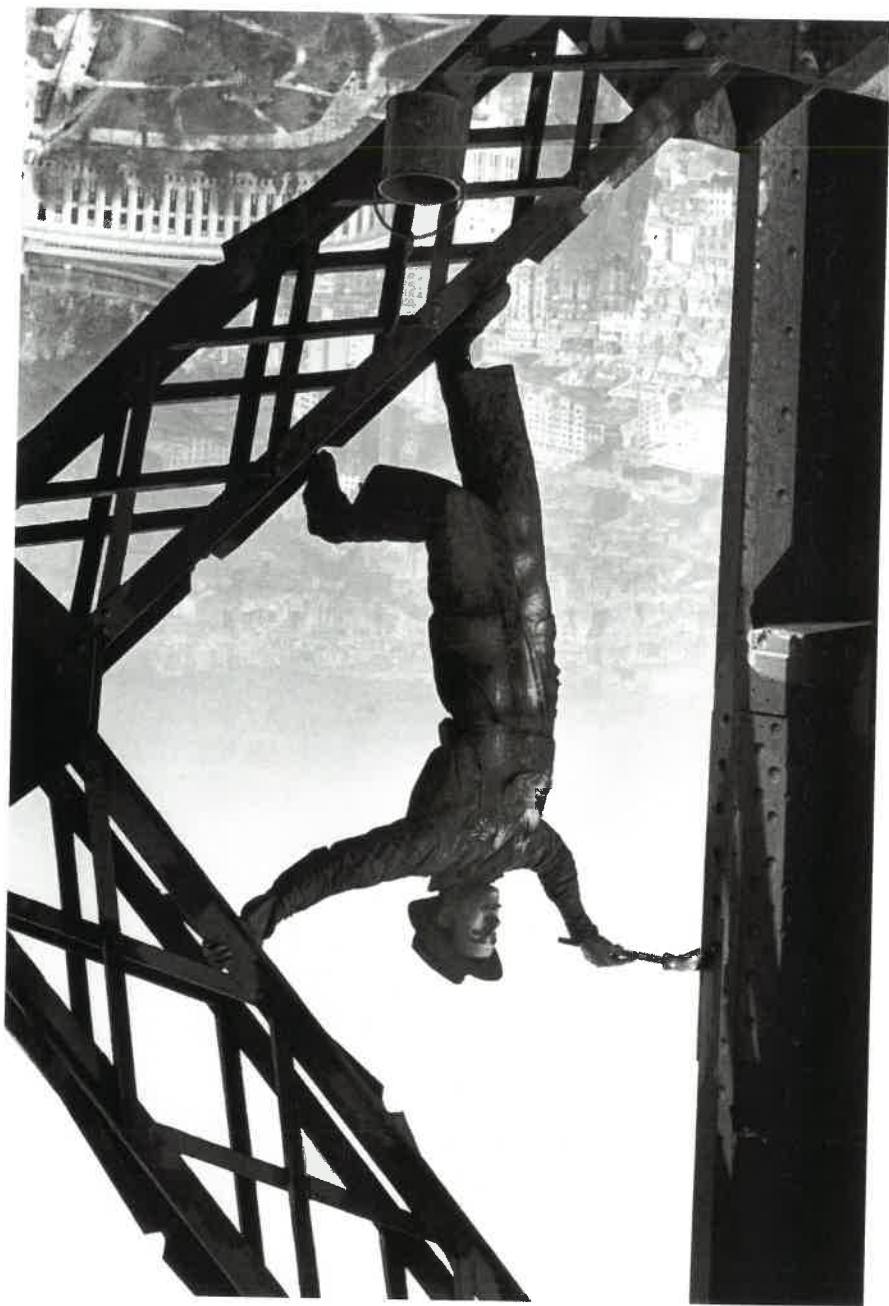




Bratislava, 1997



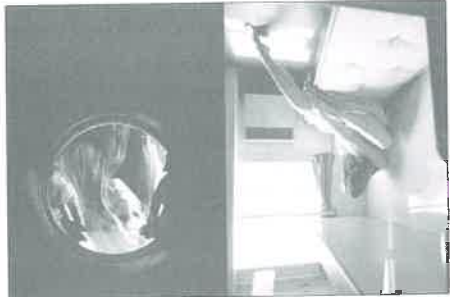






Pages 36-37

471105DB/02: Coat with "Kelly" fastenings in black Béarn sheepskin
470631DC/S8: Body with crossed neckline in charcoal grey silk jersey with "Birth of an idea" print
470404DK/F5: High-waisted pants in mahogany comfort wool gabardine
Hermès Accessories
043336CF/46: "Étrivière longue" PM belt in ebony Clémence laurillon calfskin
001765G/03: "Jill" short gloves in mahogany glazed lambskin



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101243M/02: "Torsade" travel rug in ecru and sand cashmere

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470612DG/K7: Blouse with removable floppy necktie in bright red wool etamine with "Dance of the Jockeys" print
Hermès Accessories
001773G/01: "Java" long gloves in black glazed lambskin



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472020DS/15: Pea coat in ink double-faced cashmere

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470107DC/D1: Belted coat with tailored collar in camel matt double-faced cashmere
Hermès Accessories
470518DV/02: Long hatler-dress with choker fastening in black fluid jersey
017130G/01: "Hind" long gloves in black glazed calfskin

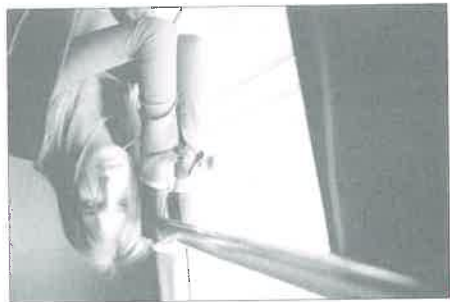


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470102DB/F5: Duffle coat with "Kelly" fastenings in mahogany double-faced cashmere
Hermès Accessories
470303DN/S7: Eight-pleat skirt in cobalt blue wool etamine
042142Z/05: "Jumping" boots in mocha box calfskin

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471234DB/C2: Riding jacket in black deer skin
470621DA/02: Zippered cardigan with hood in black silk faille
470307CW/02: Amazon skirt in black silk faille
Hermès Accessories
042142Z/01: "Jumping" boots in black box calfskin



Pages 46-47

472022DB/S8: Cardigan-coat in charcoal grey cashmere, removable collar in gold sheepskin
470601DP/S7: Blouse with knotted ring collar in slate Georgette crepe
Hermès Accessories
001762G/03: "Junior" mitts in mahogany glazed lambskin

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Available exclusively in selected Hermès stores

20280: "Rose Ikobana" Hermessence collection, eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

20282: "Ambré Marguile" Hermessence collection, eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

20284: "Véliver Tonka" Hermessence collection, eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

20286: "Pôivre Samarcande" Hermessence collection, eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

Each natural spray is also sold with a leather case (see picture page 5)



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470527DT/F5: Long dress in cinnamon silk crepon

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470154DL/F5: Ranger's coat in mahogany water-repellent cotton gabardine, with removable fur collar



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472063DG/K2: Triple-set dress in dark green cotton and silk

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470236DM/O2: Riding jacket in black cotton velvet

471401DB/O2: Short riding pants in black deerskin

Hermès Accessory

042142Z/O5: "Jumping" boots in mocha box calfskin



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470606DT/L2: Blouse with floppy necktie in red silk crepon

471404DC/D7: Jodhpurs in hazel full grain lambskin

Hermès Accessories

04336CR/89: "Étrivière" supple belt in black Clemence taurillon calfskin

001773G/O3: "Java" long gloves in mahogany glazed lambskin

042139Z/O5: "Jumping" boots in mocha matt porous crocodile

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471201DF/F5: Hooded sweatshirt in mahogany baby lambskin

470632DT/K2: Hooded sweatshirt in dark green silk crepon

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471234DB/O2: Riding jacket in black deerskin



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103805B: "Nautile" TGM ring in white gold and diamonds (6.25 ct)

103865B: "Clou de forger" TGM ring in white gold and diamonds (0.83 ct)

103721B: "Kilim" PM ring in yellow gold

103733B: "Kilim" GM ring in yellow gold

900794B: "Crescendo" earrings in platinum and diamonds (5.60 ct)

900793B: "Crescendo" necklace in platinum and diamonds (19.59 ct)

103797B: "Kilim" GM bracelet in white gold and diamonds (12.48 ct)



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